

THE EXAMINER.

F. COSBY,
JOHN H. HEYWOOD,
NOBLE BUTLER,

EDITORS.

LOUISVILLE: OCT. 21, 1848.

We send, occasionally, a number of the Examiner to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope, that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

To Subscribers.

Many of our subscribers have failed to send us their first year's subscription. We earnestly request those in arrears for the first and second year, to forward the amount due to us, without further delay.

Hope On! Hope Ever!

We hear occasionally of friends of our cause whose hearts are almost ready to fail because of the difficulties in the way of emancipation. To such friends we would address a few earnest words.

1st. Is the cause of emancipation worth accomplishing?

"Oh yes; you say it is a great and glorious work, and we should hail its completion with gratitude and joy."

2d. Do you suppose that a work of such magnitude and importance can ever be accomplished without labor and triumph?

"No, of course not."

3d. Do you imagine that the difficulties in the way will become less by delay?

"No, we have no reasons to suppose they will."

4th. Do you believe that the cause of emancipation is one that commands itself to patriotism and religion—to the favor of good men and Heaven?

"Certainly we do."

5th. Do you believe that a cause which is identified with the best interests of man, and on which Heaven smiles, can eventually fail?

"No indeed; we believe, we know that it must triumph."

Very well, that is enough. We wish for nothing more. Can you desire anything more? To believe, to know that this cause must finally triumph, and that Heaven and Earth will hail its triumph with gladness, is not that a foundation wide enough and deep enough and firm enough for hope to rest on? Away, then, with doubt and despondency. Cast your fears to the wind. To work, to work. Difficulties are always mountains to the inactive and indolent, and mole-hills to the earnest, true-hearted laborer. Cease felling your heads and mourning over the dark prospect. Take your eyes from the earth. You have looked downward long enough. Look aloft. The sun still shines. God is not dead.

Work, Friends, Work.

The season of inaction is over. The day for work has come. Arise you. Every heart should be alive, every hand ready for work.

But what shall we do?

Do? Can you ask that question in sincerity? Do? What shall you not do? Why, friends, it is the cause of freedom, of humanity, of intelligence, of happiness, which demands your exertions, and are you at a loss to know what to do? If you really are at a loss, permit us to suggest a few modes of action.

First. If you can do nothing more, talk. An earnest word is a deed. Talk. Let your friends and neighbors know that you are a friend of emancipation. Don't keep the secret so cautiously treasured up in your heart. Love of freedom is indeed a treasure, but it will not bear to be hoarded like the miser's gold. Hoard it, it dies. Scatter it abroad, it grows; it plants itself a living seed in a hundred hearts; it becomes a tree of life, bearing all kinds of good fruits for nations, for mankind.

Talk then. Talk to your next door neighbor, Mr. S.—How do you know but that he is a friend of emancipation? He is, as well as yourself, but like yourself, he has hesitated to speak. Day after day you and he have met and talked the weather over, till the subject is as dead as a door-nail; you have talked about politics, although both of you are heart-sick of the theme, and all the while, a subject has secretly interested you both, yes, has had intense interest for you as men, as parents, as citizens, a more intense interest than any and all other subjects, and you have never exchanged a word upon it. You profess to know one another, and each is a stranger to the best feelings, the noblest thoughts of the other.

This is a wrong to both. It is a wrong to the cause, it is a wrong to the State. Even good friends should open their thoughts, should express his emotions. Silence is more than cowardice; it is treason to humanity and God!

Talk then. His heart will respond to your own. Then go, both of you, and talk to Mr. L.—He is an emancipationist at heart as well as you. Then all of you talk with Mr. C.—He is a pro-slavery man, and almost the only one in your neighborhood; and he is pro-slavery from habit and accident, rather than profound conviction. Talk with him earnestly. Present your facts, show him your statistics, unfold your reasons, and probably before next August he will be a friend of emancipation.

"But where shall we get our facts and statistics?" Do not facts thrust themselves upon you? You can walk over your farm, you can look into your kitchen, you can listen to your children, as they sit in play with the ignorant colored children around them, and not find facts enough? As Mr. Woodward, of South Carolina, said in Congress last winter, slavery itself is a fact; and, a most disagreeable and mournful fact, too. And the ignorance, which slavery produces and perpetuates, is a fact; and the moral degradation, which it casts over slavery as its dark and gloomy shadow, is a fact; and the sloth and indolence ever attendant upon systems of compulsory toil, are facts; and the stigma cast upon labor is a fact; and the inhumanity, which must prevail among a people for whom neither religion nor law sanctions the marriage relation, is a fact. All these facts. Would to Heaven they were fiction. These are facts; what more do you want? They scarcely need a tongue to interpret their meaning, for they speak themselves. They have a solemn and impressive eloquence, the eloquence of desolation and ruin. They speak daily and nightly; do you not hear? Even the tone is the note of a funeral dirge.

So much for facts. And for statistics; where can you get them? Why, if you can do no better, take the Examiner. Take it, we say; do not borrow it, but subscribe for it and pay for it. Subscribe for it, and take it out of the Post Office, and you were glad to get it, and read it openly. Don't hide it in your coat pocket as you are riding home from the office, whenever you see a person approaching, but let it out; let him see it, and be sure to tell him that it is an emancipation paper, and that you take it because it is an emancipation paper. Very likely, he will express some astonishment, and will at first take hold of it with caution as if he were a little afraid lest it might prove a serpent, or the poison ivy, or some other noxious thing. Let him handle it—He will soon find out that it will not bite, and very likely, before his hand has passed over the four pages, he will ask you to loan it to him. Let him have it, and when he returns it and says "well, my friend, that paper tells some important truths," suggest to him the propriety of becoming a subscriber. Just as it is, the long columns of statistics, cannot be prepared without labor, and a newspaper cannot be printed.

ed without paper to print it on, nor without types to print it with, and that neither paper nor types can be procured without money, even for advertising a good cause.

In all probability that man will become a subscriber, and perhaps he will induce another to subscribe, and he a fourth. Do you not see that by a little exertion of this kind, by a little work, and not very hard work either, many numbers of the Examiner might be circulated in every neighborhood in Kentucky, a great amount of valuable statistical and other information diffused, and the cause of emancipation very materially advanced?

Reader, we have thus ventured to suggest one or two modes of action. Many more might be suggested. But is it necessary to suggest them? Can any one who desires the advancement of the cause hesitate because of not knowing how to act? No, the willingness to work is all that is needed.

Work we all may, we all must. We are ready and anxious to work here, to work hard and long. Will you not help us? The cause asks your exertions. Shall it ask in vain?

The Press.

We took occasion in some of the early numbers of the Examiner, to express our thankfulness for the kindly manner in which the press, in and out of the State, and especially the leading city papers, had spoken of us and our journal. The recent manifestation of good will towards us in the Journal, Courier, and Democrat, calls for renewed acknowledgments on our part, of the kindness done us.

Since the establishment of our paper we have endeavored so to conduct it, as to give me reasonable ground for offence to any. Strong in our convictions of the correctness of our own opinions, we have been at all times willing to admit the sincerity of others. While we have advocated firmly, and with all the ability we possessed, the cause of emancipation, involving as we believed it, the best and highest interests of the State, we have conceded to those who dissented from us equal integrity of purpose, and strength of conviction. We have none of that fanaticism which Carlyle calls "the delirium of virtue," equally incapable of seeing or believing anything good beyond the limits of our own faith, or any possibility of weakness, or error in ourselves. We are aware, as we always have been, of the delicate nature of the subject we discussed, of the extreme difficulty of condemning as wrong in itself, and injurious in all its tendencies, an institution which habit, education, and long usage, had taught its defenders to consider in a very different light—the difficulty, in short, of separating the principle from the practice. That we have not wholly failed in this endeavor the good feeling manifested towards us in the press, and by many of the strongest opponents of our views, is no light evidence. We know that in some quarters bitter denunciations, and opprobrious epithets are heaped upon us—and that bitterest of all, in the estimation of those who use it, and most effectual in prejudicing us in the public estimation of our own State, "abolitionists" has been unspuriously applied to us. If, during eighteen months we have failed to make ourselves understood, it would be the most remiss waste of labor to attempt to set ourselves right now. We are however, assured that these denunciations are confined to those who are not our readers.

We are gratified that the city press bears testimony to the fairness and impartiality with which we have conducted our paper. We shall strive hereafter as heretofore, to aid in concentrating the antislavery sentiment of the State on some plan of emancipation, just, humane, and practicable, to the master as well as the slave, and violating no legal or constitutional guaranty. In the determination to support such a plan, we but fulfil pledges repeatedly made, and carry on the unanimous resolve of each and every individual connected with the Examiner, from its commencement to the present time.

We give several of these notices from the city papers below:

The Louisville Examiner.

The Editors of this valuable paper have just issued a new prospectus, which will be found in a weekly paper. We take a great deal of pleasure in commending this paper to the favor and regard of the friends of emancipation in Kentucky, and all the while, a subject has secretly interested you both, yes, has had intense interest for you as men, as parents, as citizens, a more intense interest than any and all other subjects, and you have never exchanged a word upon it. You profess to know one another, and each is a stranger to the best feelings, the noblest thoughts of the other.

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Love is Power.

Nothing in the present age affords more encouragement to the friends of humanity than the faith reposed in kindness, and gentle affection, as a means of reform. The old principle of force has been tried long enough, and we rejoice that men are beginning to believe in the declarations of Paris, and gazing upon the stream with equal admiration, that God is Love, and that evil can only be overcome by good.

We have recently been much interested with several illustrations of the power of love, which are presented in the magazine noticed by us last week, the *Priscilla's Friend*. One of these instances we copy, feeling assured that our readers rejoice with us at every new proof of the omnipotence of kindness:

Reader, we have thus ventured to suggest one or two modes of action. Many more might be suggested. But is it necessary to suggest them? Can any one who desires the advancement of the cause be induced to circulate in every neighborhood in Kentucky, a great amount of valuable statistical and other information diffused, and the cause of emancipation very materially advanced?

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Trees.
A writer in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, alluding to the longevity and size of trees, states that in Britain there are still extant and growing, Oaks, and probably Elm, which were planted before the Conquest; i.e. more than eight hundred years ago. And there are some very ancient, much older still. There are some at Fonthill Abbey, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, which are believed to be more than twelve hundred years old; two in the churchyard of Fonthill in Surrey, of fourteen hundred and fifty years, one in Braybrooke churchyard in Kent, is said to have attained the age of three thousand years; and another at Hesdor, Bucks County, which is in full vigor, and measures twenty-seven feet in diameter, appears to be upwards of three thousand two hundred years old.

A HURRY GALE on the Florida Coast.

An arrival at Savannah, on the 29th ult., is reported in the Republican, by which we learn that on the 28th, the whole coast of Florida was visited by a terrible gale. The mail carrier from St. Augustine to Picolos reports that the gale was very severe at the former place and did considerable injury. After the gale was over, they caught fish without nets in the streets. A small schooner from Key West, at anchor off the town, was blown up against the wall of the barracks. A steamboat and topsail schooner of the St. Augustine bar, went ashore south of St. Augustine.

Actions for Catholic Widows.

An action is to be established in Philadelphia, for Catholic widows. At a meeting lately—Right Rev. the Bishop of Philadelphia in the chair—it was resolved to call it "St. Ann's Widow's Association." The board of managers is composed of ladies and gentlemen, at the head of which is Bishop Kenrick.

Telegraph.

Mr. O'Reilly, says the Journal of Commerce, has made arrangements with Mr. Bain, of England, who has recently exhibited his instrument in New York, for the use of the telegraph throughout the United States.

Mr. O'Reilly is now engaged in getting up another line, between New York and Boston, with the design of extending it to Halifax; and also contemplates a connection with his western lines, by means of his line to Philadelphia.

The Constituency of Ireland.

In 1839, the number of registered electors in Ireland was 124,248; in 1848, 85,000—showing a decrease in eleven years of 30,686.

The Cincinnati Commercial says: "Don't start, reader, when we tell you that an ice factory is about to be established in this city, but sit by your fires and make sure that you are not dreaming—it is so even so. By a recrudescence of chemical combinations applied by machine, a company in this city have determined to go into the manufacture of ice, and promise to furnish it at one dollar a ton! They can make pure crystalline in the warmest weather, and are now making successful experiments. If you doubt, wait awhile."

Value of the Sunflower.
It oil burns well, and it does very well to mix with linseed for some kinds of painting. Nine bushels of seed make twenty-three gallons of oil. It makes good guano when mixed with ashes.

We learn that in attempting to execute a man at Niagara, C. W., recently, as the drop fell, his head was severed from his body—the one flying into the air and the other falling heavily on the earth—presenting a horrid spectacle, even at the finale of a capital execution.

Amherst's Whiz.

The "Blow Public," in reference to a parades in the "Society," in which the writer asks where M. de Lamartine was when, according to a deposition before the committee of investigation, the Provisional Government had accepted the flag, says—"He was on the stairs of the Hotel de Ville, on the steps and on the square attempting to remove the red flag whilst the people were shouting 'La tête de Lamartine!' It was at this moment that he made a reply which produced an effect even on the vociferators:—'My head, citizens! would to God you all had it on your shoulders!'

The Bible.

It is said that in 1804, according to the best estimate that can be obtained, there were in existence only about 4,000,000 copies of the Bible. Now there are more than 30,000,000. In 1804 the Bible had been published in only 48 or 49 languages; in 1818, it existed in 136. In 1804 it was accessible in languages spoken by about 200,000,000 of men; in 1847 (extinct in tongues spoken by 600,000,000). During the last year, 1,419,285 copies were issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society alone—400,000 more than in any year before, except 1845.

Mr. Coe has completed his negotiations in England and France, and has written that he will return in the steamer of the 30th September. His arrangements are for the sale of \$3,750,000 of the new United States loan, and for borrowing \$2,000,000 more on the security of deposits of the stock. The purchasers are Messrs. Barber Brothers, Mississ., Overend, Gurney, & Co., Messrs. Denison & Co., and as many others in London, and Messrs. Hollingford of Paris. It is understood that these houses do not intend to retain much of this stock themselves, or to put it into market, but to transfer it to various other persons whom they represent, for permanent investment.

Mr. Hecker, the German exile, who has received the hospitality of the city of New York, the Tammany Hall Club, &c., was the leader of the band of Germans, Poles, and Frenchmen, which crossed the frontiers of France into the Grand Duchy of Baden, for the purpose of revolutionizing Germany, and establishing a "Red Republic." He found that public opinion in Germany was not in favor of a republican form of government, and his band was consequently summarily dispersed by the authorities of the country.

A Treatise on Campanology, published in Norwich, England, states, according to an accurate calculation, that the number of combinations of definite sounds, that can be produced in twenty-four bells, is so great, that, at the rate of two in a second, it would require to strike them 11,000,000,000 years. This gives an idea of the endless variety of tones that may be made from a few primary notes.

Louisville and Lexington Road.
The Directory of the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad have advertised for sealed proposals for work, and specified kinds of material for fourteen miles of the road. We trust that the great enterprise is now fairly commenced, and that it will be prosecuted with energy.

Mr. Paul Delaroche, the eminent French painter, is now, it is said, on his way to this country.

Sullivan, who eloped from Newark, N. J., with Mary Endis Richmond, plead guilty to the charge of seduction at Utica, and was sentenced to the State prison for two years.

The orphans of Girard, Philadelphia, number about 200—having been increased lately nearly half.

Dr. Elias W. Napier, a wealthy gentleman of Jacksboro, Tenn., died on the 17th ult., and by his will emancipated 25 slaves.

Price.
The premium of One Hundred and Fifty dollars, offered by Messrs. Oliver & Brothers for the best Essay on the state, prospects, and hope of the Temperance enterprise, has been awarded by the committee to the Rev. H. D. Mitchell of Plymouth, Connecticut. 53 manuscripts were presented. The Judges were Revs. Drs. Tyng and Peck, and Rev. H. W. Beecher.

Audubon the great ornithologist, is now residing at Harlem, near New York. His house is a perfect museum of natural history. We regret to learn from the New York Post, that his powerful mind exhibits symptoms of decay. His personal health is good.

Thanksgiving.

Governor Briggs has appointed Thursday, the 30th of November, for thanksgiving. In Pennsylvania, the 23d of November has been appointed.

New York City Expenses.

The annual report of the Comptroller of New York, shows that the expense of that for the current year, is \$2,709,452, equal to about \$1.08 on every \$100 of taxable property, being about 1½ cents on the \$100 over the assessment of last year.

The last of three Thousand.

A five dollar bill of the Fulton Bank passed through the hands of the New York Journal of Commerce on the back of which was written as follows:

This is the last of three thousand dollars left me by my mother at her death, on the 27th day of August, 1840. Would to God she had never left it to me, and that I had been learned to work, to have earned my living. I would not be what I am.

Gov. Bissell, of Connecticut, has quite recovered from his late severe illness.

The public debt of Ohio has been reduced nearly \$800,000 within the last two years.

The French Academy has proposed as the subject for the prize in poetry, to be awarded in 1849, "The Death of the Archbishop of Paris," and for the prize in eloquence, to be awarded in 1850, "An Elegy on Madame de Staél." Each of the prizes will be a medal worth 2,000 francs.

During the month of September there passed through the Welland canal 330 vessels; of which 178 went down—120 bound to American and 58 to Canadian ports; and 152 up—103 to American and 44 to Canadian ports.

There are at this time 20 newspapers published in the State of Iowa.

A fashionable paper in London tells the young ladies to "plump the hair with water, and plait in three or four plaits every night. It will then take the wavy turn, though combed and brushed next morning."

Bonington to Chile.

It is now proposed in Chile to appropriate public funds, say \$50,000, to be expended in inducing Europeans to emigrate, and come to settle in that land. An agent has been dispatched to Europe for that purpose.

Arrival of the Britannia.

New York, Oct. 17.—The Royal Mail Steamer Britannia arrived today, having sailed on the 30th ult.

Germany.

The Republicans at Baden under St. Beuve have made a general outbreak and proclaimed a German Republic.

Insurrections have taken place at Cologne in consequence of the arrest of persons charged with revolutionary movements. The troops took possession of the main square and carried about thirty barricades and occupied the city gates. The city was soon in a state of commotion. The police force, the establishment of the Bürger-guard, barricades were then removed without any engagement and order was restored.

No further Irish disturbances have occurred. In London, money was easy and trade somewhat improving—Consigns 750—sales of Cotton 700.

Hippe, Denmark, &c.

Cabriera, a Spanish hero, had an engagement with the Queen's troops near Lajos in Catalonia. The insurgents were routed and Cabriera fled into the French province of Gironde.

Real and Toledo are proclaimed in a state of siege. The Danish Government has issued an official circular contradicting the report of its disposition to accept a modification of the armistice.

France.

Louis Napoleon has taken his seat in the Assembly and made a speech in which he avowed his adhesion to the Republic. Raspail has also been admitted. Eight socialist societies, having been charged with plotting to burn the life of George, have been dissolved. The authorities understand that they took on board some 400 or 500 men at near Cumaná, with which, and the force at the Castle of Maracaibo, the Constitutionalists will probably commence active operations. By the most recent accounts, the city of Maracaibo still held out for Monos, but could not by possibility resist the reinforcements which would arrive by the Paëz fleet.

Gen. Paëz reached the Island of Curacao on the 5th inst. from St. Thomas, accompanied by several officers and other friends. His reception was most cordial. The Island of Curacao, the authorities and the principal inhabitants viewing each other in their friend and manifestations of respect and consideration.

The Monagas fleet is expected down here from the east, and will proceed immediately off Maracaibo to establish or enforce the blockade of that port. On their appearance, an action must ensue as a matter of course. The conclusion of the civil war in this country appears as distant as ever. It is understood to be distant as the distance of Gen. Paëz to continue his patriotic efforts against the enemies of his country.

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Coffee.

Berlin has been greatly excited by the appointment of the new ministers, who are supposed to be reactionary or conservatives. Gen. Wontzel had issued a proclamation, being alarmed at the apparent determination of the ultra-Democrats to check their serious conflicts with the troops and the populace, and fraud, though yet, every thing was tranquillity.

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Coffee.

Cotton, fair and better qualities had declined 40; middling qualities were unchanged.

Lard—Lard opened very weak and dull, but finally recovered.

Hides—Hides was very dull.

Rice—rice fine, white, at 12 per cwt.

Tallow—Tallow was very firm at last rates.

Flour—Flour 23c.

Meat—Meat 15cts.

Grain—Red-wheat 44c; White 38c 8d; corn 25cts.

The CHOLERA.—Letters from Salamanca contain fearful descriptions of the ravages of this terrible scourge. We make an extract, dated August 20.

ELEPHANT in a BAKER'S Shop.—Last evening Mr. Taylor's messenger was entering the Baker's shop, on the steps and the elephant was regaled at a baker's. He carefully "surveyed" the premises, and about two o'clock, next morning broke out of his temporary lodgings, and forced a way into the baker's shop, and in no time put out eight fourteen-quarter loaves. He then demolished the bottles containing the sweet-meats; and, but for the timely appearance of the keeper, it is not known what pranks this huge beast would have committed before daylight.

Gas FOR ONE.—Mr. Thomas Waugh, of Perry Edge, publican, has invented a gasometer, which is said to be a safe and convenient apparatus for lighting gas in houses, &c. It is to be used in the same manner as a candle, &c.

COFFEE.—The coffee of the Indigo 64½c. per lb.; Coton nominal 8c.; Hides 4½c. per lb.; American Flour 15½c. per lb.

The American schooner Mary Ellen still here.

Gleanings from the English Papers.

PANZOS OF LIBERAL OPINION.—The Hixons of Liverpool, and the Foxes of Manchester, are the most popular papers in England.

THE TIMES.—The Times is the most popular paper in England.

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LITERARY EXAMINER.

The First.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

"This common field, this little brook—
What is there hidden in these two,
That I so often on them look,
Often than on the heaven's own blue?
No beauty lies upon the field;
Small music doth the river yield;
And yet I look, and look again,
With something of a pleasant pain."

"The thirty—can it be thirty years,
Since last I stood upon this plough,
Which o'er the brook its figure bears,
And which the pebbles they sank?
How white the straw! I still remember
Its margin glossy by hour December,
And how the sun fell on the snow,
Ah! can it be so long ago?"

"It cometh back—so blithe, so bright,
To hurried to my eager ken,
And though but one short winter's night
Had deck'd her o'er the world since then,
It is the same scene—
The morning scene;
Perhaps the grass is scarce as green;
Perhaps the river's troubled voice
Doth not so plainly say Rejoice."

Yet nature surely never ranges,
Nor sets quit her gay and flowery crown;
The proudest flocks rarely changes
From pasture down.
There we a lone, who wasing cold,
Look on her with an asp'le cold,
Dissolve her in our burning tears,
Or clothe her with the mist of years.

Then, why should not the grass be green?
And why would not the river's song
Be more than a mere strain?
When I was here an urchin strong,
An, true—too true! I see the sun
Through thirty wintry years hath run,
For grave eyes, mirr'd in the brook,
Usurp the urchin's laughing look!"

So be it, you have won!
The voice, the past was poor to me—
The former days were dark and free,
I felt not—knew no grateful peace;
All seemed but as the common measure;
But now—the experienced spirit old
Turns all the leaden past to gold!"

HUMAN HYDROPHOBIA.

One could almost suppose that hydrophobia, in a certain modified form, was an endemic in human society as well as amongst dogs. The lower portions of the community, in particular, seem to consider themselves as having a prescriptive right to suffer from it. The diagnosis of the malady in the human patient does not point to a catastrophe altogether so abrupt and tragical as in the canine, but it is attended by circumstances quite as sinister. Duty faces, dirty clothes, dirty houses, dirt all over, are the symptoms which most forcibly arrest attention; and yet bad as these are, we know that there are worse effects underneath the surface, for where physical dirt goes, there also resides moral degradation.

We know of no country in Europe where there is so little disposition on the part of the people, as in ours, to give them selves even that exhilarating kind of abomination which is derived from bathing. At the present season, the traveler on the continent finds the rivers alive with swimmers; and we remember, when sailing down the Loire to Nantes, observing the steamer frequently surrounded, more especially when nearing the great manufacturing city, with crowds of black heads, and white shoulders. In Russia, where the people have not got beyond the middle ages, the lower classes do not yet know the use of a shirt, but wear it above their trousers in the form of a kilt. They have not, however, abandoned the bath. Towards the end of the week, they feel a prickly and uncomfortable sensation in their skin, and at length rush eagerly into the hot steam, and boiling on the impurities of the preceding six days, begin life again with new vigor. In summer, they do not wait for days and times, but merely get up an hour earlier, and dash into the nearest pond or river. In our refined country, dirt causes no uneasiness. It is allowed to harder upon the skin, choke up the pores, and contaminate the whole being, moral and physical. It blunts the senses to such a degree, that the husband does not detect it in the wife, nor the mother in the child. All are alike. All have forfeited the dignity of human nature, and sink into a lower scale of animal existence.

While mentioning the custom that prevails in Russia, we are struck with the proof afforded there of the connection between moral and physical cleanliness. The state of the bath-house of the hamlet is an unfailing index to the character and position of the inhabitants. If it is neat and trim, the people are good and happy, and their feudal lord kind and considerate; if poor and ruinous, there is tyranny on the one hand, misery on the other, and depravity on both.

In respect of its contagionous, or inclination to spread, the human malady seems not a bit behind the canine, although certainly the immediate symptoms are less violent. It has been implied that the stain of dirt extends from the skin of the individual over his life and conversation. But it does more than that; it contaminates his family; it daubs his neighbors; it forms a nucleus round which impurity gathers, and strengthens, and spreads. Insidious at first in itself, it becomes a social evil of importance. It is one of the units which gives its character to the aggregate; and, passing out of a thing which at first was only scorned from good taste, shunned from individual repugnance, or laughed at out of sheer folly, we see spreading over the land, vice, misery, pestilence, and death. Yet we observe the symptoms of this formidable disease with a glassy and indifferent eye, while those of canine hydrophobia inspire us with horror and alarm, and drive us to dog-murder in self-defence!

The dread of water is seen in the human subject in another form, in which it is attended by a different class of effects—different, but not very unremotely allied to the preceding. Almost everywhere the use of water as a beverage appears to be felt as a sort of original doom, designed as a penalty for the sins of mankind; and everywhere are efforts made to disguise it in some way, so that the patient may be made to believe he is swallowing something else. Much ingenuity has been expended upon this curious process; but, in certain conditions of society, it seems to be of little consequence what taste is superadded, or by what means the superaddition is made. The grand thing is *transfiguration*. Amongst the poorer classes in China, a decoction of cabbage leaves is felt as a relief; amongst the upper, the tincture of the more elegant tea-leaf is employed. In the western world the refuse of fruit and grain, subjected to fermentation and distilling, is brought into requisition. The Norman converts his good cider into execrable brandy; the other French maltreat their wine in a similar way; in Russia, the sickening quass becomes the insidious vomit; in Scotland, honest two-penny is sublimated into whisky; and so on, throughout the whole habitable world. That this sort of hydrophobia is merely a modification of the other is established by the fact, that they who most abhor water as a cleanser, abhor it most as a drink. A cleanly person will frequently

Gudbrand of the Mountain.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

There once lived a man whose name was Gudbrand; and as he possessed a farm in a remote spot on the declivity of a mountain, people called him Gudbrand of the Mountain.

He lived so happily with his wife, and they agreed so well, that she thought every thing her husband did was for the best, and that it could not have been improved upon. Let him manage anyhow, she always found means to be delighted at what he had done. The worthy couple were the owners of a piece of arable land, and had a hundred dollars in their strong box, besides a couple of cows in the stable. One day the wife said to Gudbrand:—"I think that we ought to take one of the cows to town and sell it, in order that we may have a little pocket-money at our disposal; for we are such indistinctive people that we ought to have a few shillings in our purse as other folks have, particularly as we don't wish to touch the hundred dollars in the chest. And really I don't know what we should want with more than one cow, and I shall be grieved by having only one to attend to, instead of being bothered with two."

The connection between the worst symptoms of the two kinds of hydrophobia we have described needs little illustration. The dittier an individual is in his person, family, house, neighborhood, the more pestilent are the expedients he falls upon for disguising the taste of the abhorred water. In other words, the progress of the disease is naturally exhibited in the intensity of its symptoms. A man of sublime cleanliness may be found drinking pure water, with a little taint of human weakness one may indulge, likewise, but only occasionally, and in moderation, in beer, ale, wine, or even stronger brewings; while your true hydrophobic—a dingy, vulgar desperado, whom the very children on the street know and detect even when he happens to be sober—stupifies himself habitually with the worst form of alcohol. Does it not appear that there is an unjust distinction made in our treatment of human and canine patients? We do not propose that the former should be hooted and hunted like the latter out of society, or that they should be mauled with sticks and stones, or shot, poisoned, hanged, or drowned. They might not like it. It might cause some discontent. It would perhaps be better to let it alone, and try to manage some other way. But what other way? How would a pump answer at the end of every street, to be worked by the police? A passer-by, caught in the fact of hydrophobia, whether the dirty or drunken form of the disease, might be pounced upon, and put under the spout, when the remedy administered might be proportioned to the intensity of the malady. To say that this would be an infringement of the liberty of the subject is nonsense; for if society has not the right to repress a contagious disease by any means in its power, we might as well lay aside the habits of civilisation at once, and betake ourselves again to woods and caves. Peter the Great was the ablest doctor in the world, and it would not be amiss if we were to take a lesson from his school. The grand obstacle in the way of his project for civilising Russia was the heads of the nobles. To expect to teach European refinement to a man with a gaunt, bearded face, was out of the question; and he tried by every Delilah-like strategem he could think of to shear off the strength of barbarism. All would not do; and Peter had then recourse to a *coup d'état*. He sent against the malcontents an army of barbers, who rushed in upon them in their native woods, shaved their heads by main force,

And dragged the struggling savages into day."

That some such plan as this may in time be tried, seems probable from the fact, that the sister-malady, Ignorance, is already treated by compulsory remedies. When a dirty little ragged boy is seen on the streets in some of our more civilised towns, he is picked up by the authorities and sent to school. He should in like manner be sent to the pump; and this, you may depend upon it, would be a great assistance in his education. When offenders are locked up in jail, the first process they have to submit to is that of being well washed and scrubbed. This is all very proper; but surely it is an absurdity to show greater solicitude for the health of jails than for the health of dwelling-houses. If the men had been washed in time, we question much whether they would have become felons at all.—*Chamber's Journal*,

Shakspeare's Retrospectus King.

A few weeks since Mr. Crofton Croker purchased for a few shillings, of a silversmith at Gloucester, a massive gilt ring of the time of Queen Elizabeth, containing the letters "W. A." in an unlined true-love knot.

The silver-stamped in answer to an inquiry made by Mr. Croker, that he purchased it from a poor woman from Stratford-upon-Avon, in whose garden it had been found about five years ago; but it is only within the last few days that an opinion of its probable connection with the great dramatist has been entertained. On comparing the scroll with that on the poet's seal ring described in *Hall's Life of Shakespeare*, and with a similar scroll on a piece of painted glass from New Place, conjectures have come to the conclusion that the ring thus singularly recovered by Mr. Croker was in all probability the betrothal ring of William and Anne Shakespeare. The heraldry of love-knots, which has tended to decide this question, exhibits in a curious manner, how often branches of archaeological inquiry, in themselves insignificant, become of real use and importance in application. It should be observed that neither of the previous owners of the ring entertained the slightest idea of its value, and that it is beyond a doubt a genuine relic of the period.—*Times*.

Character of Chateaubriand.

He was the knight-errant of modern Europe, who won and wore his trophies and favors on his own person. A fervid imagination—an animated style which seemed impassioned in comparison with the frigid models of the French empire—a spirit which was more chivalrous and bold than discreet and resolute—and a sympathy for the improvement of the age, united to a veneration for the majestic traditions of the past, gave to M. de Chateaubriand a potent influence over the minds of men at some of the most remarkable moments in history. When the storm of the first French revolution had; for that time, blown over, the young Breton emigrant who had retired from the army of Conde after the siege of Thionville to the wilds of Kentucky, and subsequently to a garret in London, returned to his native land; and after ten years of the brutality and blasphemy of Jacobin clubs and revolutionary journals, France was enchanted to strike a fresh vein of poetry in the pages of *Atala*, and to resume her old faith in the pleasing attire of the "Genius of Christianity."—*Times*.

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